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The Story of Mr. Peng, the Hunan Evangelist.

(By Dr. Griffith John, in 'L. M. S. Chronicle.')

Ten years ago Mr. Peng Lan-Seng was not only a heathen, but, like most of his fellow-provincials, bitterly anti-foreign and anti-Christian. He thoroughly believed in the bewitching power of Christianity, and had a wholesome dread of entering a missionary's house or chapel, lest he might be turned into a 'foreign devil.' The missionary's tea and cake he regarded as poison, and dared not touch either. He was a thorough believer in the whole Hunan story about the inhumanity of the foreigner, and the bestiality of the foreign religion.

Mr. Peng was also a notoriously bad man. He is never weary of teling people the story of his conversion; and when he does so, he never fails to remind his hearers that of all the sinners in China he was the chief. About three years ago Mr. Teng, a native of Changsha, the publisher of Chou Han's books, was in my study. Among other things he told me this interesting story: 'I want to tell you,' said he, 'what has brought me to Hankow. I have come to see what it is that has worked such a change in Peng Lan-Seng. He is a native of Changsha, and an old comrade of mine. he used to be the worst man in Changsha; but he has given up all his bad habits, and is now a new man. When I ask him the reason for this great change, he tells me that it is the Gospel that has done it, and I have come down in order to find out the truth about this matter.'

When, in 1892, Mr. Peng presented himself as a candidate, we all—the native helpers and foreign missionaries—stood in great doubt of the man. Many rumors reached us about his past life, which made us hesitate to admit him into our communion. He waited, and waited long. When at last he was admitted, some of us had grave doubts as to the wisdom of the step. Some were strongly in favor of prolonging the time of probation.

No sooner was Mr. Peng admitted than he began to work for Christ. He was ever to be found at the Kia-Klai chapel, preaching away with all his might. Some of us felt that it was somewhat early for him to begin to exercise his gifts in this particular way, and that it would be well to put a stop to his preaching. But Mr. Peng was irrepressible. Preach he must, and preach he would. Very soon the salvation of Hunan became the centre of his thoughts. He began by working for the Hunanese in and around Hankow. His prayers on behalf of Hunan in those days were something indescribable. They were impassioned pleadings with God on behalf of his own people—his kindred according to the flesh. The missionaries of other missions were very much struck with them, and would sometimes speak of them as 'the thing of the meeting.' Mr. Peng is a thorough believer in prayer. A gentleman of the place invited Mr. Peng, Mr. Sparham, and myself to a feast yesterday. There were several others there, and among them a nephew of the Viceroy, Chang Chih-tung. Mr. Peng gave them the story of his conversion, and subsequent trials. It was most graphically told. 'I tell you what it is,' he said, in conclusion, 'if a man wants to be a genuine Christian, he must pray, and he must pray till the tears flow from his eyes, and the perspiration runs down his back. That has been my experience.'

DR. GRIFFITH JOHN. MR. PENG. REV. C. G. SPARHAM.

All this time Mr. Peng was working without pay. But at last he came to the end of his resources, and was planning to leave the place in order to make a living elsewhere. He made known his circumstances to Mr. Sparham and myself. Feeling that he was by far too good a man to be lost to the work in Central China, we put our heads together, and ultimately found out a way to help him without drawing on the funds of the Society.

Peng's heart was in Hunan, and to Hunan he must go. Accounts of his early efforts in Hunan have been published already, so I need not enlarge at this time. The story of his entering Changsha with his Christian books; of his visit to the Yamens and presenting the officials, from the highest to the lowest, with Scriptures and tracts; of his trials with his clansmen; and of the plot laid against him by the gentry and his narrow escape, is a story full of interest and inspiration. But his great work in Hunan began with our visit to Heng Chou in March, 1897. He accompanied Mr. Sparham and myself on that journey, and was our fellow-helper and fellow-sufferer in all our work and trials. He was with us when we were pelted out of Heng Chou, and acted splendidly right through that trying time. Soon after we returned to Hankow we resolved to send him back with the view of establishing a mission in the City of Heng Chou. It required no small courage to return to that city so soon after the bitter experience through which we had passed. But Mr. Peng went joyfully. He managed to buy a house which he turned into a chapel, and began to work with his wonted energy and zeal. No sooner was the mission fairly started than the place was attacked by an infuriated mob, and the entire building was levelled with the ground. Mr. Peng and his family escaped without hurt, but all their property was stolen, and they were left penniless. Thinking that all was over for a time at least, he left for Hankow. He had not proceeded far, however, before he was overtaken by a number of messengers from the Heng Chou officials. They were sent to entreat him to return to Heng Chou and get everything settled quietly there. On his arrival at the city he found the officials in a very willing mood. They offered to indemnify him for all his losses, and to put up another chapel according to any plan he might propose. He accepted their terms, and as a result we have at Heng Chou now a fine chapel, built in foreign style. Mr. Peng speaks of it as a finer building than our Kia-Klai chapel at Hankow, but built on the same model. When speaking of the Heng Chou chapel, the other day, he said:—'Pastors, when you see our chapel you will laugh for very joy. It is a fine building. I am sure you will be greatly pleased with it.'

But this is not all. There is a little church of from fifty to a hundred people meeting regularly at Heng Chou for worship. And this is not all. Mr. Peng has succeeded during these two years, with the help of a few fellow-workers, in establishing some ten to fifteen mission stations in the Siang Valley, of which five are in walled cities.

The converts in many places are providing themselves with places of worship. Mr.

Peng has brought down with him several deeds of land and houses, gifted to the mission by the native Christians. He says that there are more than a thousand inquirers in connection with his work, and that he has great confidence in the character of some hundreds of them. His account of the work is a very glowing one; but I think it best to say as little as possible about it till I have seen it. Should we find it necessary to make a deduction of fifty percent, there will be left sufficient grounds for great gratitude and praise.

George Brealey.

THE MISSIONARY OF THE BLACKDOWN HILLS.

George Brealey had been a converted man for ten years before the event occurred which suddenly awoke him to a sense of responsibility with regard to the souls of others. All at once he became, as it were, 'baptized for the dead.' No longer satisfied with the assurance of his own salvation, his soul burned wiht intense fervor for that of the neglected ones around him.

The awful incident which led to such memorable results we will give in the graphic words of the narrator:—'A neighbor one day came rushing to his door, knocking loudly, and calling out, "Old Evans is dead; he's hanged himself!" He hastened to the scene, and in the presence of this dead infidel suspended before him, he reproached himself for never having spoken to the man about his soul; now it was too late. There and then he resolved, by God's help, to live for him and for souls.'

His experience was not unlike that of the great apostle when he said, 'When it pleased God, who . . . . called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen: immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.' To the 'heathen' (the designation would be hardly too strong) of Exeter, Brealey preached the glad tidings of a Redeemer who came to save his people from their sins.

'Publicly from house to house,' in lanes and alleys, the same apostolic exhortation was urged on the hearers, i. e., 'Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.' And truly the 'signs of an apostle' in the persecution that followed were not wanting. The great enemy of all good stirred up his emissaries to oppose the attack thus made on his kingdom, and on three occasions Brealey was stoned through the streets. Self-sacrificing courage, however, awakens a response of admiration in the most depraved; and when, at the risk of his life, he saved two children from a house on fire, he became the hero of the hour, and opposition gave way to respect.

Whilst in the midst of his ardent evangelistic work, with a soul in earnest to win trophies for Christ, he heard a stirring appeal on behalf of the colored people of Demerara, and mentally offered himself for this new field. 'But 'Man proposes and God disposes,' a saying not more true than blessed. His work was not to be 'where feathery palm trees rise,' but amidst the freebooters of the Blackdown Hills, in Somersetshire, a district in which to travel unarmed was considered a notable feat. Whilst waiting for the right time to cross the Atlantic to Demerara, he acceded to an earnest request that he would labor amongst this neglected population. People who lived by sheep-stealing and other questionable means required one to labor amongst them, who, for the sake of him who came to seek and to save the lost, could say, 'Neither count I my life dear unto myself.' Such an one was George Brealey.

Multitudes were rescued through his instrumentality 'from the power of Satan unto God,' and the blessing spread widely around.

Still deep in the missionary's heart burned the impulse to go to Demerara, and at last he told his sorrowful people that he should see them no more, as he was going to preach among the blacks. 'No, no, maister,' exclaimed an old woman; 'we be the blacks; we've got black hearts. God hath sent you to us!'

Providential circumstances, as is so often the case when the child of the Lord seeks guidance in the decision between two conflicting claims, determined his choice.

Brealey had wound up his outward affairs, and had disposed of his business of boot-making; he had even packed his things, and, had it not been for a few pounds still wanting to complete his passage-money, he would have taken his passage; but during the needful delay which his limited resources imposed the vessel sailed without him.

Here, then, was a directing-post which he could not mistake, and 'assuredly gathering that the Lord had called' him to continue his labors amongst the neglected population scattered among the Blackdown Hills, he returned to his appointed work without henceforth looking either before or behind. For five-and-twenty years—i. e., from 1863 till 1888, when he was 'called up higher'—he gave himself with unremitting energy to the work, with the following result:

'Six mission-rooms, beside cottage meetings, were regularly worked all the year round, and the Gospel was preached during the summer months in two tents for several years among the militia encamping on the hills and in various parts of the counties of Devon, Somerset and Dorset. At Clayhidon alone (the place where Brealey resided), since the commencement of the work, 600 believers were baptized and gathered into church fellowship in the primitive simplicity of New Testament worship; 1,600 or 1,700 children passed through the four day and Sunday-schools, large numbers of whom were converted to God; and many of these are now at work for him as "missionaries, evangelists, pastors and teachers."'

Yet his power as a preacher among the masses did not in any way turn him aside from his especial mission, that of dealing with individual souls. Although at one time his faithfulness was rewarded by repeated threats of taking his life, he went on fearlessly, nothing daunted, warning every man, in the name of his Master, that the wages of sin was death. So far as in him lay, he might have said, 'I am clear from the blood of all men.'

His last illness was short and sudden, yet he had time to tell his loved ones that 'all was well, and that he was going home to the Lord.'—M. E. Beck, in 'Light in the Home.'

There never was a greater need for deep heart-culture on the part of Christian workers than to-day. We need this more than a higher brain-culture. For increased effectiveness in our work of instructing the children and leading them to Jesus, we need the conscious quickening of the Holy Spirit.—'Living Epistle.'

Too Old at Forty.

('The Presbyterian.')

In no class of employment where good work, judgment, trained ability of eye, hand, or head, are essential can the dictum 'too old at forty' be maintained. Many men's powers are not matured at all before forty. In the higher walks of ability it is usually after that age before men begin to show the stuff they are made of. We have only had one Prime Minister of twenty-three—most of them have been over fifty. Mr. Gladstone's greatest achievements in finance were not witnessed till he was past fifty, and not until after sixty did he pass the legislative measures with which his name will be most associated. A majority of the members of the present administration are over fifty. Any work on the triumphs of perseverance, like Dr. Smiles's 'Self-Help,' will show that many of our greatest men only reached the full fruition of their genius late in life. It is recorded of the venerable missionary, Dr. Marsh, that a young man who had been in his society, remarked, 'What is the use of being young, when one sees a man of eighty in better spirits than the jolliest amongst us?' No doubt a happy spirit of Christian optimism keeps a man young even in old age. There are some people, as Leigh Hunt remarked, never able to grow old. At forty a man may be past his first youth, but if he has taken due care of his health, has a conscience void of offence, and a faith in all things working together for good, he should be able to retain the buoyancy of youth many years beyond an age which is not the 'grand climacteric' of any man of fair constitution. One is reminded of the perennial youth of James Watt, the inventor, who became a learner late in life, and continued his inventions to very advanced years. He presented one of his models to his friends as the 'production of a young artist in his eighty-third year.' The late Mrs. Somerville, the mathematician, published new editions, considerably revised, of several of her mathematical works, when she was turned ninety. Franklin was fifty before he began to study natural philosophy, in which his writings afterwards made him distinguished. Scott was not known as a novelist until much past his fortieth year, and he was fifty-five when he set himself, by the publication of a new series of novels, to retrieve his fortunes, which were involved in the failure of the firm of Constable & Co. Handel, the great composer, was forty-eight before any of his great works appeared, and his sublime oratorio, the 'Messiah' was composed in his later years. Among many instances that might be given of men's best work being done when well advanced in life is that of Dr. Lee, the eminent Cambridge Professor of Hebrew, and an Orientalist, who translated the Bible into several Asiatic dialects. He was entirely self-educated, and up to about the age of thirty was working for his living at the carpenter's bench. Not till some years after that was he able to enter as a student the university in which he subsequently became Professor of Arabic and Hebrew. But the number of men whose life's work was mainly done when they had passed fifty is legion. The race must be degenerating rapidly if men have become too old for any employment at forty.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN COLOSSIANS.

Mar. 31, Sun.—Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

April 1, Mon.—Filled with the knowledge of his will.

April 2, Tues.—Walk worthy of the Lord.

April 3, Wed.—Fruitful in every good work.

April 4, Thur.—Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power.

April 5, Fri.—Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness.

April 6, Sat.—In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.

BOYS AND GIRLS

For the Sake of a Dream.

A TRUE STORY.

(Re-told by Helen Shipton, in 'The Dawn of Day.')

The trading brig 'The Lively Lass,' bound from Plymouth to Jersey, was staggering close-hauled through a roughish sea, carrying very little sail, but making pretty fair way. The weather was only a little 'dirty,' in a sailor's mode of speech, but a landsman might have been pardoned for thinking it a storm, so grey and lowering was the sky, so keen the wind that whistled among the cordage, so drenching the spray that broke constantly over the deck and kept the oilskin overalls of the man at the wheel streaming with a perpetual shower bath.

A LIGHT, HE CRIED.

The man at the wheel was the captain of the little vessel, a short, thick-set man, with a brown beard, and keen blue-grey eyes thickly set about with wrinkles. His face had the grave, almost stern look, of a man who habitually carries his own life and the lives of others in his hand; for, indeed, in those seas the very best of sailors has need to try every trick he knows; and even so, rock, and wave, and wind, may well be more than a match for him at last.

The only other living thing on deck was a lad of about seventeen, also clad in streaming oilskins, who paced up and down with wonderful steadiness during the odd moments when the wet planks were fairly level, and in the intervals clung to the bulwarks and looked out over the swiftly racing waves.

His face was pale, and set in anxious lines, but somehow it did not give the idea that he was afraid of anything near at hand, or likely to happen; his eyes were wistful and dreamy, and each time he turned from a long gaze at the wavering line betwixt sky and ocean, it was with a start, as though he had been trying to make up his mind to some action that went against the grain.

At last he came quickly up to the man at the wheel and began to speak, bending his head so as to be heard through the clash of the water and the shriek of the wind.

'Father! I said, I wouldn't speak of it again, but I must! It was the same last night; it's been on my mind all day.'

'Sh!' said the elder man, lifting his eyebrows impatiently, 'I can't heed that sort of thing now! Ellison will be coming to take his trick at the wheel in a quarter of an hour more, and then I am going below. You may come then and say what you've got to say; and let's have a finish and end of this nonsense.'

Chris Murchison drew back with a look almost of relief, and went striding and staggering off along the slippery deck. His father's tone was not encouraging, but he knew that the skipper's bark was worse than his bite, and anyway he himself was to free his mind and clear his conscience. The next quarter of an hour was a long one, but he waited through it with an easier soul than had been his since he tumbled out of his hammock in the grey dawn of that stormy morning.

The little cabin, lighted by a swinging lamp, and shut in with closed hatches from the noise of wind and water, seemed quite peaceful by contrast with the wave-swept deck, and father and son could hear each other speak without difficulty. But the skipper seemed in no hurry to listen to what his son had to say, but was more intent on rubbing his hands, which were numbed from holding the kicking wheel, and getting a light in his short blackened pipe.

'Father,' said the lad desperately at last, 'I shall go out of my mind if something isn't done!'

'It's easy talking; but who's to do anything with this sea on?' said his father, surlily, watching him keenly the while under his bent brows. 'And what sort of a fool's errand is it that you want me to go upon?'

'I tell you, I'm as sure they're there as that we're here. And I'm sure of the place, for I know just how it lies, with the castle-shaped rock just under the north star, and the bit of beach running out eastward. They're there, and they'll be dead of hunger and cold soon if someone doesn't go after them.'

Captain Murchison took the pipe out of his mouth and tapped it sharply on the table.

'Look here,' he said, 'a man might dream fifty things, and not a word of truth in any one of them. You must be going out of your wits to expect me to answer to her owners for taking the 'Lively Lass' out of her course because my son had had a dream! I reckon they'd think I was out of mine if I was to come to them with such a tale.'

The young fellow clenched his hands in his fair curls, damp with the salt spray.

'I know,' he cried, 'if any other chap told me such a thing I should laugh at it. But there's dreams and dreams. The night before we left Plymouth I dreamt it, and the night before that, and now again, last night, and always the same—always as clear and plain as I see you now—five shipwrecked men on that bare bit of a rocky island, looking out for someone to come and take them off. Father, if it had come to you like that, you wouldn't doubt but why it had been sent for something.'

'Then why wasn't it sent to me?' said the elder man shrewdly, 'seeing I'm responsible for this here vessel and all in her? I can't be expected to act on what fancies may come into the head of a lad like you. That wouldn't be in reason.'

Chris Murchison had for the moment no answer to say. This seemed unanswerable, and yet the vision that had come to him was as clear before his mind's eye as ever. Once he had spoken of it and had been laughed at; the second time he had spoken and his father had been half scornful and half angry; this third time he had had a hard struggle with himself before he could resolve to brave the anger and scorn by mentioning this strange matter again, and now his father was listening to him with unusual patience and gentleness. But the more reasonable his father was, the wilder seemed the proposal which Chris was trying to make.

'You're sure it's the Gouliot Rock?' said his father, after a pause.

'Quite sure! Three times I've seen it when I was awake, and three times now when I'm asleep, and I couldn't mistake it. But it was by daylight I've seen it when I

was awake, and I dreamed of it each time in twilight, with the sun just set, and the Plough just coming up above the highest bit of the rock.'

'South south-east by south,' muttered the skipper. 'The worst course and the ugliest to find in all these islands; but—the only course we could make the Gouliot by, with the wind where it is.'

He took up his pipe and puffed away at it vigorously, quite unconscious that it was dead out, while his son watched him with anxious eyes.

'Look here!' he said at last, prefacing his blunt speech in the way his son knew so well. 'What's your notion of this affair? Speak up and let's have no beating about the bush.'

The lad's face reddened through its tan. He would rather have been flogged than have spoken out what was in his mind, even to his own father; but he did speak out.

'I—I believe it's God's sending—the same as dreams in the Bible. I can't say why it was sent to me and not to anyone else, but if it lay with me to go and look for those poor chaps, I'd go if I knew I'd never come back.'

There was silence for a minute, while nothing was heard but the groan and creak of the straining timbers and the dull boom of the waves against the vessel's side.

A struggle was going on in Captain Murchison's mind; on the one side a reverence for the religion which he had never professed himself to have, but which he believed to be in his son; and on the other, reason and experience and common sense, and the natural feeling that he must know best. If anyone had put the case to him he would have said that he was not such a fool as to think of risking credit and life for a boy's fancy; and yet, now that it came to the point he hesitated. The Bible words were not familiar to him, but the thought that was in his mind was this, 'Lest haply we be found even to fight against God.'

'I believe I'm as crazy as you are yourself,' he broke out at last. 'But this I'll

I SHALL GO OUT OF MY MIND.

I'll leave it to you to decide. If we go yonder we may lose the brig, and maybe our lives. If we don't do that we shall, maybe, find no one and nothing there; and the owners will give me the sack, as sure as I sit here, for wasting time on a fool's errand. There are shipowners that would give me the sack for going out of my way even if I knew there was lives to be saved, but I don't say our men are as bad as that. You know what it means to get the sack at my time of life. I should likely never get a ship again. And there's your mother and the girls to think of. It seems to me that we stand to lose all round. But I leave it to you. It's to you and not to me that this has come, and it's for you to decide. If you say "go," I'll go, and as I said before, God forgive me if I'm making a mistake!'

He stopped, and his son sat silent, his pale, young face growing a shade whiter. He was sure—yes! quite sure. And yet—it was a tremendous risk—he knew that almost as well as his father did. Suppose he should be the fool of his own fancy. Would they ever forgive him? Should he ever forgive himself? In his mind's eye he saw the whole thing happening as his father had said—saw the bare desolate rock and the empty strip of beach where the sea-bird's cry seemed to mock them—saw the wonder of their little crew at the risk and the delay—heard the angry questioning of the owners, and the very words in which they would tell his father that they did not care to trust a ship in the hands of a man who would let himself be led astray by a young fool.

All that on the one side, and on the other only a vision of the night, the picture of the lonely rock under a fast darkening sky, and the faces of five men, all strange to him, looking out over the angry sea as men look who know that only God can save them, and that by a miracle. That was all, but Chris Murchison felt that it would be enough to spoil all his life to come if it was to haunt his memory with the recollection that he had done nothing to respond to the call.

'Why should it come to me?' he said to himself with a sort of passion. 'I'm not the owner of this ship nor the master. I can do nothing. Why should it be laid on me to feel like a murderer if nothing is done?'

And then with a sort of awe it came over him that the decision lay with him after all—that something or someone had so moved his father that he had answered as his son would not have supposed it possible that he would answer—that if Chris was only certain enough, his father was prepared to act upon that certainty.

'I don't know how I dare do anything,' he thought. 'But if we do nothing I shall know that it is because I am afraid. I shall know all my life that God bid me do something and I didn't do it.'

It seemed to the lad that he had been thinking for quite a long time, but it was not really five minutes—the pipe that Captain Murchison had at last remembered to light had hardly begun to draw—when he drew a long, long breath that was almost like a sob, and spoke.

'I'll take the risk!' he said. 'I wish I could take all the punishment if I'm wrong. I can't say what makes me so sure, but if I'd heard a voice from Heaven I couldn't be surer! and I don't believe God'll let it turn out amiss.'

. . . . . .

However sure one may be in one's own mind suspense is none the less trying when much hangs upon the issue. Chris felt sick with anxiety as the 'Lively Lass,' after several hours' beating against the wind—several hours of peril in that rocky channel, during which nothing but the splendid steering of her captain could have saved her—came in sight at last of the Gouliot Rock.

And yet he felt as though his dream were coming over again, and felt the kind of certainty that the dream always brought, as he noticed that sky and sea were taking just the look they had those three times when he had seen them in his sleep.

It was just the time, about one hour after sunset, and—yes! there was the Plough just risen above the square towering cliff with the hind wheels of the waggon just above its highest point, and the north star faint and clear overhead.

'The sea's gone down wonderful this last hour or two,' said the captain in a gruff

whisper, as his son pointed out these details to him; 'I did think there'd be no getting a boat to the rock, but now, I suppose, if there is anything there, we might make shift to land on that bit of beach. In all my experience I never knew a heavy sea go down so quick.'

Nearer and nearer still!—while the lad stood beside his father at the wheel and strained his eyes into the gathering twilight, that looked so clear and was so baffling to the sight.

Suddenly he clutched his father's arm, with a grip that made the sturdy skipper wince.

'A light!' he said. 'I see a light there. They've got a fire of seaweed and driftwood, there in the shelter of the cliff. It's all right, and I might have been sure He wouldn't let us be sent on a fool's errand!'

* * * * * *

Captain Murchison did the ship-owners no less than justice, when he said that he believed they would forgive his having wasted their time and risked their vessel, if it proved that his action had been the means of saving men's lives.

As it happened they did more than merely forgive, for one of the firm had a mind to which an experience like that of Chris Murchison appealed very forcibly. He never rested till he got at the bottom of all that the lad had thought and felt about the matter; and Chris confessed candidly how sorely he had been tempted to hold his tongue and not get himself blamed for being foolish and fanciful. Perhaps his employer could sympathise; certainly he never forgot the young fellow, and Chris throve all the more for having inspired a genuine interest in the mind of one who had a good deal of power and influence.

But that is not the most important effect of his strange experience, as Chris Murchison knows. To be warned in a dream may not be the usual way of getting a Divine message nowadays—he may never receive one in such a fashion again. The point is, to be sure that there are Divine messages, and they do not come to us in vain. 'That we may both perceive and know what things we ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same.'

According to His Riches.

We dare not pray for riches,
But the wish is in the heart,
A dream of wealth uncounted,
Of poverty surmounted,
The winsome power of plenty,
And the great man's generous part.

Yet God doth trust but seldom
His children with large dower;
He holds all golden treasure,
But gives with scanty measure
To most of His great family
The riches that make power.

True wealth no man can capture
By dexterous sleight of hand;
No brain of selfish scheming,
No midnight plan or dreaming,
Can bring the joyous rapture
Of the wealth at His command.

But God has something better
For those who trust His will—
Love's sweetest song and story,
The riches of His glory.
Lord, satisfy our longings,
And thus enrich us still!

—Marianne Farningham, in the 'Christian World.'

The True History of a Scarecrow.

(By Mrs. J. B. Howell.)

PART I.

Bright and early one morning you might have seen the owner of one of the large plantations in a rich coffee-growing province of Brazil making his daily round of inspection. When he came to the workshop, he said to the carpenter, 'What are you making there, Pedro? That does not look like any part of the coffee machinery.'

'No, sir,' replied the man. 'I heard the overseer telling you this morning that the birds were destroying the rice as fast as it sprouted, and, as I had no work to-day, I thought I would make a scarecrow to set up in the field.'

'Very well, go ahead,' said the planter, laughing; 'but you will have hard work to make anything that will scare the birds away from their favorite feeding-place.'

'If you will give me time, sir, I will make it ugly enough to save your crop,' promised the carpenter as the gentleman passed on.

The carpenter now set himself to work in good earnest to see what he could do. He had found a log that was so shaped that with little difficulty he rounded off one end for a head, and then carved out the features. In this he succeeded so well that he concluded to paint it, so he made it a shining black, adding great staring eyes and a grinning mouth. Then fastening arms and legs to it, he stood up the figure, and was just viewing the result of his labors, when the slaves, returning from their day's work of gathering coffee, passed by. One of them, spying the scarecrow, called out:—

'Look, boys, what Pedro has there! quite a gentleman, that, I'm sure.'

'Yes,' cried another, 'he deserves to be well dressed. We'll get the women to beg a suit of master's old clothes, and dress him up in style.'

The news of the carpenter's work soon reached the ears of the maid servants, and one by one they came stealing out to get a look at it. They easily secured some cast-off clothing, and before long the men had the scarecrow dressed, an old hat completing the costume. 'He ought to have a name,' said one of the slaves; 'let's call him André;' and immediately shouts of 'Viva Sr. André!' rang out so loudly that they were heard at the house.

'What is all that noise about?' asked the planter's wife of her maid.

'They are cheering the scarecrow that we wanted the old clothes for,' replied the girl.

Just then the party passed by on their way to the field, and the lady said, laughingly, 'Well, he at least can be trusted to do his work without any one to watch him.'

And so Sr. André was given his place in the rice meadows down by the stream, and so well did he do his work that the birds concluded not to dispute his right to the ground, and flew off to the unguarded fields of the neighboring plantation. All through the season there he stood at his post, until, when the crop was gathered and he was no longer of use, he was tossed aside, and lay forgotten on the banks of the stream.

PART II.

The wife of the planter sits pale and sad by the same window from which, a year before, she watched the slaves carrying the scarecrow to the rice fields. Now she looks as if no such innocent-merry-making could bring a smile to her face. She is talking in a hopeless tone to her maid:—'Here I am, growing weaker every day in spite of all the doctors can do. It is all of no use, and I must give up the hope of ever being well.'

'Why have you never tried going to the new saint in C——?' asks the servant. 'They say he works wonderful cures.'

'I have prayed to all the saints in my oratory, and still am no better,' sadly replies the lady.

'But this is such a great saint,' answers the girl; 'and if you would vow a good sum of money, perhaps he would cure you as he has cured others.'

In the evening the wife told the planter some of the wonderful cures which the maid said had been granted by the new saint, and added: 'Let us go to-morrow to the village, and I will see what he can do for me.'

'Very well,' replied the husband; 'you know that I have not much faith in the power of the saints, but if you wish to try, I'll order the horses to be ready by sunrise to-morrow for the trip.'

In the early morning of the following day quite a party started out for the town of C——, some twenty miles distant. It was a slow, tedious journey, for the sun grew hot, and the lady could not ride rapidly but at last they reached the town, and climbed the hill on which stood the church. Weary and exhausted, the lady entered the church and sank on her knees before the altar over which stood the image. Behind her knelt the servants, who, when they glanced up to the image, began to laugh. 'Hush,' cries the lady; 'you will anger the saint and he will not listen to my prayer.'

Still the laughing continued, and one of the maids whispered, 'Don't you see that it is our André—André the old scarecrow?'

Shocked at such an idea, the lady called her husband and told him what they said. Drawing near to the image and examining it more closely, the gentleman exclaimed 'There's no doubt about it; every slave on the plantation would recognize André! Well, well! who would have imagined that a scarecrow could ever turn into a saint?'

By this time the lady had lost all hope of being cured by such means, so they left the church, and the gentleman went to the house of the priest to inquire what he had to say of the history of the so-called saint. Here he learned that some parties had found the figure on the banks of the stream, and believing it to have come there miraculously, they took it for a saint and carried it to the priest, who ordered it to be suitably dressed and set up in the church. All the good fortune that came to the people of the place after that time was attributed to the favor of the new saint, and he soon gained the reputation of a miracle-worker. The gentleman then told the priest that there was no doubt about its being the scarecrow from his field, which during the high water of the rainy season must have floated down the stream.

'Yes, it must be the same,' acknowledged the priest; 'but don't tell anybody, I beg of you. He makes a very good saint, indeed; he brings us in plenty of money, and it would never do to let the people know that he had once been a scarecrow.'

As the planter did not wish to promise that he would keep the secret of how a scarecrow came to be canonized, he soon bade the priest good afternoon, and then joined his wife.

The next day the party returned to their home feeling that, hereafter, they would not place their confidence in priests or saints, but would look, in their time of need, to the Lord, who is the Maker of us all.—'Children's Work for Children.'

Missionary Mud Pies

(By Marjorie S. Henry, in 'Children's Work for Children.')

'Steady, now, boys!'

'Here she comes!'

'Be careful at the turn!'

Mrs. Shepherd smiled to herself over her sewing as she listened to the chorus of boyish voices, and the tramp of many feet up and down her garret stairs. All that Saturday morning the noise of their hammering and sawing floated down to her, and now and then her opinion had been asked as to the relative merits of 'two-inch' and 'three-inch' boards, brads or screws, so she was perfectly aware as to what contrivance was bumping so energetically down her back staircase, and called out pleasantly, 'Bring it into the sitting-room, Arthur, if you can get through the hall without scratching the paper. There! that is nicely done. Sit down, all of you, and let me admire while James brings up a plate of fresh cookies.'

On the carpet six boys deposited the result of their morning's labor: a wooden tray ('3 x 3,' explained Dixon Lewis scientifically) completely covered with white oilcloth, neatly tacked to fit perfectly even to the little edge that served as a railing for the tray.

'The nails hardly show after all, do they, mother? and didn't Jack cover the corners well? You see we can use it over and over, for the mud will wash off the oilcloth, and it'll be as good as new every time. Hurry up, boys, with your cookies; we must get around to the chapel before dinner,' exclaimed Will Murphy; and the procession started down the sunny street, their burden attracting much attention from the passers-by.

'Yes, it is a mission-band concern, and that's all we can tell about it now; but if you come to the monthly concert next Wednesday, you shall see it then,' answered Jack Shepherd to all inquiries.

The next few days were busy ones to the boys' band. There were frequent trips to and from the chapel, mysterious purchases at the store, and much whispering and consultation, that aroused the curiosity of all without the limits of the new plan.

'How ever blue zephyr can have to do with mission work I don't see!' exclaimed Jennie Lewis as she listened to Dixon's request for one of his mother's skeins.

'Of course you don't; girls are not expected to. Why the most of our new plan is just mud! What do you think of that? It takes the boys, Jennie Lewis, to find use for everything,' he added as he ran off laughing, leaving his sister still more mystified.

Curiosity and interest in the boys' band filled every seat in the lecture-room that November evening. Dr. Elliott had mentioned in the pulpit on Sabbath that he would be helped in the monthly concert exercises by members of the boys' band; so after his opening address on South America, the subject for the month, a large easel was carried on to the platform, and four boys followed with the 'mud map,' which they placed on the easel in full view of the entire audience. Before their surprised eyes stood a complete outline of the country in question—hills, valleys, rivers and mountains—modelled in brown clay, a wonderful map indeed! But we will let the boys tell of it as they did that night.

'In the first place,' began Tom Shepherd, as he stood, pointer in hand, at one end of the platform, 'I must tell you how we make a "mud map." We buy the clay, and this you can get at any pottery. It costs very little, and lasts a long time. We then trace the outline of the map we are to make in crayon on the white cloth, and fill in this outline with the clay, which must be wet to mould easily into shape. It dries in the form of the mountains or valleys, and after we are through for one month we scrape it up carefully and use it again in just the same way.'

'The boys like to shape the country,' went on Lewis Dale, 'poking up the mountains and tipping the tops with flour to make them look like snow. We had lots of that to do in South America. Just look at the Andes! Aren't they white? At first we didn't know what to do with the volcanoes, but now we put in a little cotton at the top, and it looks exactly like smoke. Tell about the river and lakes, Will.'

'The rivers—see! there is the Amazon, for instance—are made of blue worsted, and the lakes in silver paper, and the outline of the seas is done in colored crayon, blue, of course, and it serves as a good background for the map.'

'I'll show you how we mark the cities,' said Jack Shepherd. 'That white button is Rio Janeiro, and that next one is Sao Paulo. Of course the map committee prepares all this beforehand. And we study over it all the month.'

'You see,' continued Carl Esterbrook, 'we learn all we can about the places. For instance, there is Rio Janeiro (Will pointed it out); we went all around that city, with pictures and maps of course, I mean, saw all the shipping lying in the beautiful harbor, and took a sail around the bay; and—yes! we stopped at our own mission church with its two hundred members—there is the number, two hundred in red crayon, you see!'

'And then we went on to Sao Paulo, where our missionaries are working in schools for girls and for young men. There was one thing that pleased us all at Sao Paulo. The Brazilian girls there have a mission band, and as they learn about Jesus they try to tell others. Wouldn't it be funny to be a missionary in your own country?'

'At Sao Paulo,' said John Malin, 'there is a paper published. Oh, there was so much to talk of in Brazil! Do you see that little blue flag near Rio Janeiro? I will tell you what it means. We had a hard time to get it to stand straight, and Mr. Brown said it was like the work it signified—hard to plant but sure to stand. It means that Calvin (our real Presbyterian Calvin) sent missionaries in 1555 (there's the date!) to Brazil. So if the Presbyterian Church don't do their best there, we will not be following our leader.'

'We could hardly leave Brazil,' said Tom, taking up the pointer. 'See! there is Brotas, where one priest decided to work for Jesus only, and became a Protestant. He has led so many of his people to the true cross—'

'I will leave Brazil,' Jack Shepherd continued, 'and tell about Bogota, where Mr. Pratt lived and labored so faithfully. One of the boys' mothers had a "fern motto" from Bogota. Perhaps you have not heard of those "fern mottoes." Then, indeed, you must ask and hear how even in that distant land there are workers for Jesus. If we only had time to tell you everything we would go with our dear missionaries on their long trips over the Andes mountains, or down to Chili, and show you Valparaiso and Santiago, with their streets lighted with electric light, their telegraphs and telephones. Oh, indeed, we forgot it was a heathen land until we tried to have a quiet Sunday there, and then we found that Jesus has no place in that lovely country. All the stores and daily work go on the same, and only at our little mission church could we feel at home.'

'Yes,' continued Dixon, 'and we did find in one corner of the city a real "Y. M. C. A.," with almost a hundred members. Oh, it made us so glad to see it there. These numbers on the sides of the map in crayon of different colors mean the population of South America, the number of square miles, and lots of other things.'

'I expect you all wonder,' said Will, 'what the little candles stuck in the map at the mission stations mean. Light them up, boys. They are to show how mission stations are shining in that dark dark land for Jesus, and we boys are glad, very glad, to see them shine, for we know that even one band has a share in our shining.'

When the 'mud map' was lighted by the little candles that shed their faint rays over hill and valley, Dr. Elliott came to the front of the platform and said, in his own pleasant way, 'Dear friends, sometimes I think we older ones rather hold back from the new ideas of teaching children in mission bands, and we seem to think the work of foreign missions is losing its dignity by being brought to the level of childish minds. To-night I can truthfully say that from this little object lesson that these dear boys have given us, I can go away knowing better the situation of mission stations in South America, grasping more fully the work to be done, and feeling, as I watch the little candles flicker and glow, what it is to be shining for Jesus in a dark place. If this is mission work brought to the children, then let us be in the way as it passes by, and catch the simple truths which such object lessons teach to young and old.'

'There, Jennie Lewis, I guess you won't laugh at our "mud pies" again, will you?' asked Dixon as they talked it over in mother's room after the meeting.

'Well, it was pretty good,' conceded Jennie, with a shake of her curls. 'But we girls might have——'

'Just hear her, mother!' exclaimed Dixon. 'Well, try it; it's a free plan. Let's see what you girls can do.'

A Legend.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half-forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not.
It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wonderful music that rings,
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife,
Heartaches and weary longings that throb in the pulses of life—
If he thrusts from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.
And I think there is in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me;
Let us look in our hearts, and question, 'Can pure thought enter in
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?'
So, then, let us ponder a little; let us look in our hearts, and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for you and me.

God's grace is great, but it is not able to do much for the man who is not willing to undertake to be a Christian more than an hour or two a week.—'Ram's Horn.'

En Route.

(By Della Dimmitt.)

The Philomathean quartette chanced to be standing together on the rear platform when the train pulled out.

There was a treble chorus of 'Good-bye! Good-bye!' and a wild flutter of handkerchiefs from the crowd of girls on the depot platform.

The response from the Philos was a snatch of some farewell college glee.

The four clear, perfectly blending voices sounding from the rear platform brought a swift line of heads out of the car windows, and by a common impulse every eye in the car was turned on the four young figures entering a moment later.

The Philos fell to talking, after the manner of college girls, and the people about them listened and grew interested.

A man sitting opposite finally leaned over and said, with a note of inquiry in his voice, 'You are all from X——— College?'

'Yes,' said the girls.

'Well,' said the stranger, 'I have been listening to you. It was not intentional on my part, I assure you, for I have some problems of my own to solve; but there was a disturbing quality to some of the things you have just been saying, and so I listened. Now, I have never been to college, I have never thought about having missed much. I have made a fair success of life—a fair success, you might call it. I suppose, though, you look at things from a somewhat different standpoint; and now I would like to ask you what, in your judgment, is the object of a college life; in fact, what has it done, or, rather, what will it do for you?'

He was regarding them with a steady, level glance.

One after another they answered him.

He pondered over their replies a moment or two, then he said, 'I suppose it is altogether too soon for any of you to have much of an idea of what you expect to be or to do.'

'No; O, no,' said the four quickly, in chorus, and they each spoke definitely of certain things which they hoped to accomplish.

It seemed to strike the stranger oddly that no one of them made any reference to possible pecuniary benefits or advanced social position, and he said so. 'I have always thought—with a man, at least—the idea was that it got him a better job. It has been my experience that a young fellow is always trying to trade on his college education.'

One of the girls said softly, 'We believe "the end of life is service."'

'A short creed,' said the stranger; 'a short creed; but it is terribly comprehensive, isn't it. I would think it impossible to live up to; but then I am not a college man, you know. Now, if I looked at things from your standpoint—'

He broke off suddenly as a hand touched his shoulder and one of the trainmen spoke to him. He rose hurriedly, and went into the forward car. After a long time he came back.

'There's been a smash-up down below here,' he said, in answer to the half-expectant faces the quartette turned toward him; 'that accounts for the long stop we have had. The fireman was horribly burned, got jammed in between the fire box and a broken car beam. I have been thinking—wondering a little to myself just how one would regard this poor fellow—from the college standpoint, you know.'

One of the girls, and it was not the one who had said she hoped to be a missionary, repeated in her clear girlish tones:—

'I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree:
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me,
Behold, through Him, I give to thee!'

'Lowell,' said the stranger, 'I believe it was. And you think, then, a Sir Launfal's vision possible to realize? What will you do—you four girls, I mean—with this fireman?'

'Does he need attention now?' asked one of the four. She spoke briefly, in the manner of one who might bind up a wound.

'There is a physician with him who is doing all he can to relieve his sufferings.'

The girl opened her purse, and with an odd little smile held it out. It was empty.

The man laughingly shook his head.

'But let me ask you one straight question more,' he said. 'Suppose there should be anything possible to be done for this poor fellow moaning on the floor of the baggage car, would your adherence to your ideals be sufficiently strong for you four girls to undertake the task?'

It was a purely hypothetical case, but they gave it some moments of thoughtful consideration, and then they all answered yes.

The man went away again, and the girls fell to talking as before. The night had drawn on before the stranger came back again. This time he stood in the aisle, bracing himself against the vacant seat across from the four girls. They saw how tall and powerful he was, with a fine, resolute face.

'I have found out about this fireman,' he said; 'he is only a boy, not more than seventeen, I should say. He comes from some mountain town down in Georgia. The physician in there says his burns are so deep that his lungs are in bad shape, and that if he can't get back to a mild climate and stay there, he won't live six months. The boy, burned as he is, fights against it, and says that his people are too poor to be burdened with him; but he's got to go, there's no other way out of it. Of course the railway company will carry him down there, but he ought to have some money—he must have some.

'You see how this car is crowded. Well, there are six other coaches on to-night, and all as full as this.

'We have a wait at Sedalia of over two hours, and do you know what the men on this train will do? There is a show down town—not a very respectable one, either—and these men will go down there in droves just to pass away these two hours.

'Now, don't you think it would be a great deal better if we could persuade all these folks to turn in the money that would otherwise go to a fourth-rate vaudeville performance, to give this poor fellow in the baggage car a chance for his life?'

'Ah! yes, I knew you would say so. Well, now, you sing don't you? What do you say to singing that money out of this crowd—at Sedalia—during the wait?'

Sing in a railway station to a crowd like this! The girl who had quoted Lowell looked up at the stranger, and he was holding them all in his strong, purposeful glance.

'We'll do it,' she said, quietly, and while every fibre in her being was in revolt.

No one who was on the train that night ever forgot that strange scene at the railway platform in Sedalia. The stranger had gone from end to end through the six coaches, inviting the passengers to remain, and when the train slowed up even the men due in Sedalia stayed behind. The four girls stood on the rear platform of the last car, in the faint glow of a switch light. All about was a wide, shadowy fringe of faces upturned to catch the first notes of the four voices blending and melting into one. The sounds of traffic died away into silence, and the crowd, augmenting momentarily, listened breathlessly. Then came wild bursts of applause and still the sweet-keyed voices sang tirelessly on and on, while the minutes lengthened into hours.

At length the stranger interposed. In a few brief sentences he told the story of the boy in the baggage car, and by the deep stillness that reached even to the outer fringe of toughs from the saloons he knew he had won. Then, turning to the girls, 'They shall sing but once more,' he said; 'what will you have?' There was a quick shout, and to the music of 'Maxwelton braes are bonny,' the hat went round. Still singing, 'I'd lay me down and dee,' the girls carried it in filled with the generous outpouring of the moved and mastered crowd, to the boy moaning among the cushions on the floor of the baggage car. He opened his eyes, full of dumb, boyish gratitude, and his poor, seared face twitched in a pitiful attempt at a smile. The girls bent over him in tears, and the stranger pulled his hat down over his eyes for an instant. Then he cleared the way for their return to the rear car and saw them seated. He warmly shook the hand of each.

'I believe in you,' he said to the four collectively, 'and I believe in your ideals. If all college women live up to them as faithfully as you have done to-night, then I say: "All hail to the college woman";' and he made them a princely bow.

He apparently failed to appreciate his own part in the night's achievement, but the Philos had suddenly wakened to the fact that this swift-thinking man, who had so wonderful a power of combining circumstances, was the object of much distinguished consideration.

'Wait a minute,' cried one of the quartette, as he was walking away. 'I am Flo. Givens, and this is Alice Wycoff, and this is Bell Whitaker, and this is Elizabeth Towne, and—and who are you, sir?'

'I?' said the stranger, smiling genially. 'Why, I happen to be the superintendent of the road.'—'Christian Advocate.'

The Impregnable Word.

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

'How many anvils have you had?' said I,
'To wear and batter all these hammers so?'
'Just one,' said he; then said, with twinkling eye,
'The anvil wears the hammer out, you know.'

And so I thought the anvil of God's word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yes, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed—the hammers gone.

—'The Current.'

It doesn't take much capital to show whether we are doing business for God or not.—'Ram's Horn.'

Dorothy's Mistake.

(By Mary Marshall Parks.)

Dorothy had quite a long talk with mamma as to what she should wear. Mamma suggested a pretty new gingham as being dainty and suitable ; if they should want to play games—'

'But, mamma,' said Dorothy, 'Marian's friend is from Boston, and her father is a m—m'—

'Millionnaire,' suggested mamma.

'Yes, mamma; and they live in a grand house, and have a cottage at the seashore, and—and— Do you think she would play rough games as we do? O mamma, I would like to wear my pink silk.'

Mamma smiled, she knew that Boston little girls were very much like other little girls, but it was hard to resist her daughter's pleading eyes, and it was better for her to learn some things for herself. So mamma helped her on with the pink silk. It was a pretty dress, of the soft pinky tint one sees in the inside of a seashell, and it was kept for very, very grand occasions.

Dorothy felt very fine indeed as she ascended the steps of Marian's house, with Marjorie Marie in her arms. Marjorie was a wonderful doll who was also kept for state occasions.

Smiling Marian opened the door. For an instant there was a blank look in her eyes, but it melted into a smile as she helped Dorothy take off her hat and led her into the parlor to meet the little guest. Dorothy fancied that little Miss Boston also looked troubled for an instant, but she smiled very pleasantly.

Dorothy noticed at once that both little girls were plainly clad, and it made her feel quite overdressed, but Marian ran upstairs for her dolls, and the little girls were soon seated on the sofa admiring Marjorie and chatting merrily.

Suddenly Marian's brother Rob burst into the room in such a startling costume! It was not a baseball rig, and yet it was something like one — bright red and yellow, and curiously puffed and slashed.

'Come on, girls!' he cried impatiently. 'It's after two, and we're all ready. Harry Lee's brought his trick monkey,' he added, with a delighted grin.

Marian gasped, and Miss Boston's upper lip trembled a little, but they were brave little girls and very polite. They exchanged looks. It would never do to take that silk dress to the barn.

'Not this time, Rob,' said Marian, quietly, giving him a warning glance, for she saw a troubled look on Dorothy's face. But Rob was so stupid!

'Aw, why ?' he cried, 'when you've been talking about it all day? What's got the matter with you?'

'We're not going, Rob,' said Marian, firmly, with a little spark in her eyes.

Rob turned and stamped down the hall and slammed the door. The pleasure was gone from his afternoon, for he too had counted on dazzling Miss Boston with his trapeze performance.

While Marian was trying desperately to think of something to say, the troubled look on dear little Dor's face deepened. Sud-

GOT HIM !

'It ain't a bit of good trying; I'll give up the game,' said Ben. 'There's no one cares what happens to me. I may as well go to the bad at once.'

'Ben!' called a cheery voice, 'what luck? I've been hunting for you in all your old haunts, and now at last I've hit on you. Why, man, we have a feast on to-night at the Home, and every member may bring along another; so I set eyes on you at once, knowing you were a bit hard up.' Come along, old chappie, out of this cold and wet, and we'll have a treat. I'm right glad I lives in the Home and don't have to find diggings for myself.'

'Ben! you, and Ned! What a go!' and another boy joined the pair. 'If I ain't been dashing all over the show to find you, Ben; and now Ned's got you! It's a stunning shame on you, Ned,' and Joe Adams laughed aloud.

'Directly I knowed we could bring a chum to-night, I puts Ben in my head; and, to think you've got him, Ned—I'm ashamed of you, man!'

'Lets get him under way now,' said Ned, 'or we'll be late.' So linking an arm in each of Ben's, he was led off between them to the Home.

'We've got him, sir, and we means to stick to him,' they said to the master. 'He's not going off again till he's one of us, that's pat.'

denly, all the visiting dignity disappeared, and she buried her head in Marjorie Marie's ruffled skirt with wild sobs.

'Oh, I wish I had my gingham dress on!' she wailed.

Then the other girls burst into tears. They crept as near to Dorothy as they could, but did not dare to put their arms around her on account of the pink silk. How Dorothy hated it!

All at once Marian sprang to her feet.

'Come upstairs and put on one of mine!' she cried excitedly.

Up the broad stairs the three little girls tore wildly, leaving that elegant French lady doll with her waxen smile buried in the fur rug in front of the sofa.

'Hurry, hurry!' cried Marian, as they struggled with the fastenings of the gingham, which was a trifle small for plump Dor. 'We'll be in time, after all."

A moment later Marian was pounding on the barn door. Rob thrust his head out. He grinned broadly before he thought, then he took in the smile and put on an injured look.

'I dunno whether I'm going to let you in or not,' he growled.

But he did at last, although he continued to look glum until Marian took him aside and whispered something in his ear. After that he beamed again, He fairly outdid himself in his trapeze performance, and felt fully repaid when he heard Miss Boston say, with a chirp of delight, 'Why, he's like a real showman!'

Then there was a trick dog, then other boys performed, and last of all the trick monkey brought down the house with his funny antics. Then followed a glorious romp in the haymow, and a delicious lunch of apple turnovers and gingersnaps.

'I never had such a good time in all my life before,' said Dorothy, as she smoothed her tangled locks and donned the pink dress again.

'I never did, either,' said Miss Boston. 'That is the beautifullest dress I ever saw,' she added. 'I mean to ask mamma to buy me one just like it.'

Dorothy smiled blissfully. Wise little Miss Boston! She knew how to draw the one wee thorn from Dor's happy afternoon! — 'S. S. Times.'

Lessons for Little White Men from Little Red Men.

Most of an Indian baby's first year is spent in a cradle like the one in the picture. How a white baby would scream if he were put into it! But the little red man looks happy and contented. You see, he has learned one lesson already.

When these little feet get out of the cradle they will soon learn to run about. Then the little red man will mount on a cornstalk and take just such rides as you take on a cane or a broom. He would say that his horse is much better, because it makes such a dust.

As soon as the little red woman is out of her cradle she begins to carry a doll or a puppy on her

back, just as her mamma used to carry her. She makes cunning little wigwams, too, and plays keeping house while her little brother plays at hunting and fishing.

But the little red men and women do not play all the time. They learn to help their mothers, and a good Indian mother takes great pains to teach her children to be polite. She teaches them that they must never ask a person his name, they must never pass between an older person and the fire, and they must never, never speak to older people while they are talking. When a little red man forgets these very good rules, and is rude, what do you suppose his mother says to him? I am sure you can never guess! She says, 'Why, you act like a white child!'

Can it be that these little red men can teach us lessons in politeness?"

The Counted Cakes.

Harry and Lucy were playing in the dining room when their mother set a plate of cakes on the tea table and went out. The cakes were all nicely frosted, and looked very tempting. 'How nice they look!' said Harry, reaching out his hand to take one. 'No, no! you must not,' cried Lucy, 'Mother did not say we could have any.' 'But she won't know,' said Harry, 'she did not count them.' 'But God did,' said Lucy. This made Harry pause. He drew back his hand, and went and sat down in his own little chair. He looked as if he were thinking deeply. 'Yes, Lucy,' he said presently, 'I think you are right; God must count things, for the Bible says: "the hairs of our head are all numbered.'"—English Magazine.

The Golden Text.

(Margaret Sangster.)

I like to think on Lord's Day morn,
Of the hosts of children far and wide,
Their faces fair and their brows unworn,
Who blithely sit at a mother's side,
Conning, in tones so low and sweet,
Over and over, with patient care,
Till by heart they know it and can repeat
The Golden Text, be it praise or prayer.

For praise or prayer it is sure to be—
The beautiful verse, a polished gem,
Culled from the sacred treasury,
And fit for a royal diadem.
I like to think that the children dear
Will know that truth when their heads are gray,
That the hallowed phrase their souls will cheer
Many a time on the pilgrim way.

I sometimes muse on the Lord's Day eve,
When the Golden Texts have all been said,
And my tender fancies I like to weave,
Over many a small white bed.
The children sleep till to-morrow's morn,
Armed for whatever is coming next;
Their strength and courage alike unshorn!
And the sword they will carry—the Golden Text.

LESSON I.—APRIL 7.

SECOND QUARTER.

The Resurrection of Jesus.

Luke xxiv., 1-12. Memory verses, 4-7. Read Matthew xxviii., 1-15; Mark xvi., 1-8; John xx., 1-10; I. Corinthians xv., 35-58.

Golden Text.

'Now is Christ risen from the dead.'—I. Corinthians xv., 20.

Lesson Text.

(1) Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came upon the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them. (2) And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. (3) And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. (4) And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments: (5) And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? (6) He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, (7) Saying, the Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again. (8) And they remembered his words, (9) And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest. (10) It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the apostles. (11) And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not. (12) Then arose Peter, and ran into the sepulchre; and stooping down he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass.

Suggestions.

(Condensed from 'Peloubet's Select Notes.')

The Gospels say sometimes that Jesus would rise 'on the third day,' and sometimes 'after three days,' Matthew using both terms (compare Matt. xii., 40 with xvi., 21), showing that the terms are interchangable. Each part of a day was reckoned as a day, just as in computing the reigns of the Jewish kings each part of a year is reckoned as a year. Thus a reign extending from December, 1899, through 1900 into January, 1901, would be counted as three years, although only thirteen or fourteen months. It is so in the Old Testament, in the Talmud, in Josephus, and in the Assyrian tablets. Days were counted in the same way. Jesus was buried between four and six o'clock (probably nearer four) on Friday afternoon, April 7, and rose early on Sunday morning, April 9, so that he was in the tomb part of three days.

If any one feels any hesitancy on this point they have only to adopt the theory, which several volumes have been written to prove, that Jesus was crucified on Thursday instead of Friday, in which case Jesus would have been in the tomb three complete days and nights.

Every possible precaution was taken without thought of its importance to Christianity, but by the overruling providence of God, to prevent any mistake or doubt as to the reality of the death of Christ, and of his resurrection, for there could be no real resurrection unless there was real death.

The soldiers pierced his body with a spear, and blood and water flowed from the wound—a proof of death (John xix., 34, 35).

The tomb in which he was buried was a new one, in which no one had ever been buried, and so there could be no doubt as to the identity of the body of Christ.

At the request of the chief priests, the stone against the door of the sepulchre was sealed, and a Roman guard placed around the tomb, so that no one could take away the body and then pretend that he had risen, (Matt. xxvii., 62-66).

His friends believed he was dead, and wrapped him in spices for burial. They had no expectation of his rising in the day he did. They expected not his coming back to them in the body, but, if at all, 'his second coming in glory into his kingdom.' They were so certain of his death that it was very hard to convince them even when they saw him alive.

The story of the guards that the disciples came by night and stole the body away while they slept (Matt. xxviii., 11-14) was a falsehood paid for by the Jewish rulers, was stupid, contradictory, and absurd. (1) For if the guard were asleep, how could they know that the disciples stole him away? (2) The disciples could not have stolen the body away if they would, with the soldiers placed on watch especially to prevent it. Even the noise of rolling away the stone would have awakened a sleepy guard. (3) The disciples had no motive for stealing the body. They did not expect a resurrection. They did not know its importance. What could they have done with the body to escape detection when the whole government would have paid well to have it found.

The Resurrection of Jesus.—Very early Sunday morning, April 9. (Matt. xxviii., 2-4.) Nothing is known of the manner of it, but we are told that it was accompanied by a great earthquake, and an angel, whose countenance was like lightning, and whose raiment was white as snow, came and rolled away the stone from the sepulchre; not to allow Jesus to come forth, of course, but for the sake of those who were coming to view the sepulchre, and to show that the resurrection was an act of divine power. 'There is a sublime irony in the contrast between man's elaborate precautions and the ease with which the divine hand can sweep them away.'—Edersheim.

'A singular and significant testimony to the truth of the resurrection is afforded by the change in the Sabbath day. It was changed, not by any express command in the New Testament, but by the almost universal consent of the church, which could not endure to observe as a day of joy and gladness that on which Christ lay in the tomb, nor forbear to mark as a weekly festival that on which he arose.'—Abbott.

The very existence of the Christian church is a proof of the resurrection of Jesus. 'Faith in mere visions or phantoms may produce phantoms, but not such a phenomenon as the Christian church, the greatest fact and the mightiest institution in the history of the world.'—President Woolsey.

Illustration from Seeds.—The best of all possible illustrations of the resurrection is that which Paul gives of a seed buried in the ground springing up into a plant. The little seed becomes a plant radiant with blossoms; the acorn becomes a spreading oak, with new powers and glories inconceivable in the seed. So Spurgeon says, 'We put into the ground a bulb, and it rises a golden lily. We drop into the mold a seed, and it comes forth an exquisite flower, resplendant with brilliant colors; these are the same that we put into the earth, the same identically, but oh, how different!'

Illustration from a Watch.—The case represents the body; the works, the soul. The works can be taken from the old case, and put into a new one, and go on just the same as before. It is really the same watch.

Illustration from Rags.—'A rag picked from the heap of refuse, taken to a paper-mill, and changed into pure white paper (on which can be written the Word of God, the noblest truths, the highest poetry, unlimited promises). So our bodies are like rags to be changed into a body like unto an angel, with eyes of fire, a face like the brightness of the sun, and wings like lightning for swiftness.'—C. H. Spurgeon.

Questions.

When the good women who loved Jesus went to the tomb to embalm his body what did they find? Whom did they see there? How did they feel? What did the angels say? Is Jesus dead? Had he told his disciples that he would rise again? Who were the women who carried the news of the resurrection to the apostles? Did they believe when they first heard it? What did Peter and John do?

C. E. Topic.

Sun., April 7.—Dead to sin, alive to Christ. Eph. ii., 1-10.

Junior C. E. Topic.

SIGNS OF EASTER.

Mon., Apr. 1.—Death is conquered.—Isa. xxv., 8, 9.

Tues., Apr. 2.—Christ the first bloom.—I. Cor. xv., 20.

Wed., April 3.—Our only hope.—I. Thess. iv., 13, 14.

Thu., Apr. 4.—Because He arose.—I. Cor. xv., 54-57.

Fri., Apr. 5.—The risen life.—Col. iii., 1.

Sat., Apr. 6.—An eternal spring.—John vi., 47.

Sun., Apr. 7.—Spring flowers and risen bodies.—Matt. xxviii., 1-8. (Easter meeting.)

Free Church Catechism.

39. Q.—What is a Christian minister?

A.—A Christian minister is one who is called of God and the Church to be a teacher of the Word and a pastor of the flock of Christ.

40. Q.—How may the validity of such a ministry be proved?

A.—The decisive proof of a valid ministry is the sanction of the Divine Head of the Church, manifested in the conversion of sinners and the edification of the Body of Christ.

Too Late.

(By Isabel Maude Hamill.)

Mrs. Ellerston was a beautiful woman, tall, well-made, full of life and animation, and whenever she entered a room people turned to look at her. Her guests were unanimous in thinking they had never seen her look more lovely than on the occasion of a garden party she gave for the benefit of the society to help crippled children. She had none of her own, and this was the one sorrow in her hitherto cloudless married life.

What a gay scene it was! The pretty dresses, the exquiste flowers, the music of the band, and the happy laughter and chatter of those present. Claret cup, iced champagne, and various other refreshments were served, regardless of expense, and many young girls left the garden with a flushed face and an excited manner. Amongst the guests was a lady upon whose sweet face when in repose there was a sad look. She was talking earnestly to a man whose appearance denoted him to be a clergyman.

'Yes, there are more cripples made by drink than anyone here imagines. It has made me quite sad, since I have made inquiries on the subject, to find out how many young lives have been ruined, as far as this world is concerned, through no other agent.'

'I don't quite understand you, Mrs. Graham. How can drink make children cripples?'

She smiled at him incredulously.

'Is it possible that you, the clergyman of a parish in England, ask such a question?'

He appeared ill at ease under her gaze, and replied apologetically:—

'Ah, well, you see, mine is a country parish, and we see very little of drinking.'

'Thank God for that! During the last three months I have myself discovered more than twelve children who have been made cripples, owing to the father's or mother's drunken habits. One woman let her little baby fall from her arms when returning home late from a public-house, and so injured its spine that the doctor says she will never be able to walk any distance as long as she lives. A father threw a brick at his boy of three years old, when mad with drink, and fractured the poor little fellow's foot so horribly that the surgeon said the only chance for his life was to amputate above the ankle, and that lad has to limp through life on crutches as best he can. Oh! it is heartrending. These are only two of scores of cases that I could name.'

'Very, very sad, indeed; heartrending, as you say.'

'Then, Mr. Warren, ought we not, as pro-

fessed followers of Christ, to do all in our power, both by example as well as precept, to put a stop to such things !'

At this moment Mrs. Ellerston came up.

'Now, Mrs. Graham,' she said smilingly, 'I know you are trying to convince Mr. Warren that he ought to be an abstainer, but you cannot make us see these things as you do ; and as to people saying that many of these cripples are made so through drink, I simply don't believe it.'

As she turned to speak to another guest, Mrs. Graham could not help thinking :

'Ah, if she had a child of her own, and an accident befell him through this curse, she would speak and think differently.'

Four years passed away, and during that time Mrs. Ellerston's cup of joy was full to the brim, for she was now the mother of a beautiful baby boy. The christening day had been an eventful one, and friends from afar and near had come to witness the ceremony. Champagne—in fact, wines and spirits of all sorts—were much en evidence; the servants, too, were not forgotten, and a liberal allowance of wine had been allowed them in honor of the event. Alas ! the nurse was one of that numerous and increasing class of persons who from inherited tendencies must either be total abstainers or drunkards. Since entering Mrs. Ellerston's service she had not tasted intoxicants, but being unable to withstand the chaffing and teasing of the other servants on this occasion she had yielded. After taking the baby to the nursery she laid it down in its cradle and went quietly to the pantry, ostensibly to get milk for the child, in reality to steal wine for herself. Greedily she drank the insidious alcohol, forgetting all about her little charge, until a cry made her realize that she had not undressed and put him to sleep for the night. Rising hastily, she stumbled, and feeling dizzy she clutched at the cradle, pulling it over, and throwing the baby heavily on the floor. In her excitement, hardly knowing what she did, she took hold of him by his frock, and let him fall from her unsteady hands. This seemed to sober her ; she loved the child, and soothed and comforted it to the best of her ability; but never by word or sign did she tell anyone of the fall. Three weeks after, Mrs. Ellerston dismissed her for drunkenness, saying that her child was too precious to leave in the hands of a woman who drank. Did she realize how she was responsible for the 'woman who drank ?' Not in the least.

Months went by, when one day the new nurse told Mrs. Ellerston that 'she felt sure something was wrong with baby; he screams awful when I wash him, and seems tenderlike, as though he'd been hurt,' she said.

The mother's heart sank as she hurried to the nursery and took upon her knee her fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, the joy of her life. A medical man was sent for, who, after an examination, looked very grave, and hesitatingly said he feared there had been an injury, but he would see what could be done. It is needless to enter into the father's and mother's agony when by degrees they realized that their only child would never be as other children.

Yes, Howard Ellerston, heir to a large property, and only son, was a cripple, through an injury to the spine caused by a fall. There are many sorrowful ones on this earth, but no more sorrowful or more deeply repentant woman than Gertrude Ellerston. From the day she knew how her child's injuries were caused—for the woman, stricken with remorse, came and confessed all—alcohol was banished from her table, and she took up the cause of total abstinence with a burning desire to save others from suffering ; but when she sees her boy drawn about in his invalid chair her face contracts with pain, and she murmurs, 'Too late, too late for my own child, but God grant it may not be too late to save others!' —'Alliance News.'

There is a very weighty thought to be faced by every man's conscience. It is this : The person who offers an intoxicating glass to another—from whatever motive—is responsible for the result of that glass. He is accountable for what comes out of that neighbor's lips—yes, and for what that brain may do under the influence of the inflaming draught. Whenever you, my reader, from a false kindness, are guilty of 'treating' another to a glass of intoxicating beverage, I wish that you might see these solemn words cut in with a diamond on that glass :

Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I get a 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday now, and like it very much, and mother reads it and likes it, too. I go to the Parkdale Congregational Sunday-school, and my birthday is on Aug. 14. I will be ten. MINNIE D.

Forest City, Me.

Dear Editor,—I thought as I was renewing my subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' that I would write a letter, too. I live on a farm about a mile from the little village of Forest City. I live only a little way from the schoolhouse, but we are not having school here now. My papa runs a lumber camp this winter, about four miles from here. I wonder if any of the girls and boys who read the 'Messenger' ever lived in a lumber camp. I did the winter of 1896, and I had a lovely time.

Wishing you and the 'Messenger' success.

BEATRICE G. (Aged 14.)

Port Lorne.

Dear Editor,—I live near the sea shore. My father goes to sea in the summer. We have two cats, one we call Flaunt, and the other Tiger. I go to school a little this winter. I have two sisters and no brothers. My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger.' I like to read it very much.

STANLEY H. (Age 8.)

Grande Pré.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school every day. I like to read the 'Messenger,' especially the correspondence. I have four sisters and one brother. NORA P.

Point Wolfe, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time. I think it is a beautiful little paper. I have five brothers and four sisters. I like to study and I like story books to read. I live near the post-office, and I am very glad when my paper comes. My father takes the 'Witness,' and he thinks it an invaluable paper, and he takes 'World Wide,' and I like it. I have a dear little niece named Mamie, and she is very cute. We live near a pond where there is lovely skating. My brothers are away at present.

GRACIE M. H. (Aged 14.)

Lennoxville.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and we all enjoy reading it very much. Our school closed at Christmas. I am glad to tell you I got a prize, 'Notable Women of Our Own Times.' School begins about the first of May. During the winter I am busy at music and studying part of the time, sewing, skating and helping mother. My pets are hens and a pretty black and white calf named 'Brandy,' a dog named 'Minto,' and a cat named 'Kitty Clover.' Our good Queen is dead, but when we think or speak of her it will always be as the Good Queen Victoria, and I am sure the new King, Edward VII., will also be good. The name of our farm is 'Maple Braes.' I have three brothers and one sister, and I will be ten on May 13.

MABEL M. M.

Warwick.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters, named Grace and Flossie, and one little brother named Alex. Not long ago I had diphtheria. We get the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. I like to read the Correspondence. We go to the Methodist Church. I am eight years old, my birthday is on July 24. My father is a farmer.

ALAN. W.

Atlanta, N. S.

Dear Editor,—My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, and I like it very much. I have four pets, a cat and two kittens and a sheep ; the cat's name is 'Prohibition,' and the kittens' names are 'Rosie' and 'Posie.' The sheep is black, and her name is 'Dinah,' she will eat out of my hand, and I like her very much. I do not go to school, but I am in the third reader. I go to Sunday-school at Canard. I have eight dolls, I got two last Christmas. I have a little cradle that I rock them to sleep in. SUSIE T. B. (Aged 7.)

Eaton, Colorado.

Dear Editor,—My aunt lives in Canada and she sends me the 'Messenger' for a Christmas present. I like it very much. I live about two miles out of town. I have six pets, they are all cats. I have a bicycle and go to school on it when I can. I was very sick with pneumonia, and was not out for over two weeks. Papa is a farmer. I am ten years old. My birthday is on the first of November. ETHEL S.

Prince Edward Co., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' and we all like it very much, especially the Correspondence. I have a pair of canary birds and they know their names. One is a lovely singer, and sings by lamp light. I have an organ ; I will take lessons next summer. I go to school every day.

N. C. J. (Aged 11.)

Leamington, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I have written to the 'Messenger.' My mamma has taken it for many years and we like to read it very much. My papa keeps the post-office. I go to school quite regularly. I have a little kitten named 'Dewey.' I have had great fun coasting this winter as there has been lots of snow for it. We live on a farm in the country, and I like to live here very much. It is a pretty place in summer. I have never seen a letter in your paper from any person who lives nearer than Spring Hill, which is about four miles from here. I only have one sister, who is learning to be a dressmaker. My birthday is on Nov. 28.

ANNIE. (Aged 11.)

Church Point, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years, and think it is a lovely little paper. I have a pet kitten all black. Her name is 'Mouser.' We have a little dog whose name is Sport. Last summer I had a dear little pet rabbit, but he died. My father fishes for smelts and salmon. I am very, very sorry that our good Queen Victoria is dead.

HULDAH H. J. M.

Taylor's Head, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet cat named 'Beauty.' I taught her to shake hands. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. I have no sisters or brothers. I have two hens. MARY McC. (Aged 11.)

Taylor's Head, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have six brothers and two sisters. My papa is dead. My mamma takes the 'Messenger.' I like to read it. I have a pet dog named 'Watch,' he is 14 years old, he is getting deaf. I walk to school almost three miles.

ALLEN S. Mc. (Aged 12.)

Guinea, Ohio.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' My sister has taken this paper for two years and I have taken it for the same length of time. I have no pets. I have some relations over in Canada. I would like to know if any boy or girl has the same birthday as I have. It is on the fourth of May.

CHARLES S. L.

Milton, Queen's Co., N. S.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the Correspondence in the 'Messenger.' We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school (Congregational), and would not like to give it up. I love to read books. I am on my fourth one this year. I do not go to school, but have a teacher come to the house, she is a lovely teacher, and never gets cross at me.

NORAH K. H. (Aged 12.)

Mt. Denison, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the letters and all the rest of the 'Messenger.' We are all so sorry to hear of the death of our loved Queen. The churches here all had memorial services.

BELLA J. R. (Aged 13.)

AN EXCELLENT PAPER.

Mr. John McTaggart, superintendent of St. Paul's Church Sabbath-school, Prince Albert, Sask., in ordering a club of seventy copies of the 'Northern Messenger,' for the current year, adds the following :—'The "Messenger" is an excellent paper and very much appreciated by the children.'

HOUSEHOLD.

A Superior Sponge Cake.

Put three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar in a clean saucepan; add one-half of a cupful of water, and boil slowly until the syrup hairs. Pour slowly over the well beaten yolks of seven eggs, and continue the beating until the mixture is cold and of the consistency of a drop batter and very light and spongy. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff, dry froth, and sift one-half of a pound of pastry flour twice. To the yolk mixture add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, and cut in lightly a portion of the whipped whites. Stir in carefully the flour, then add the remainder of the whites. Have ready a shallow pan lined with paper, pour in the batter, and bake in a moderate oven. If in a sheet two inches thick, it will be done in about twenty minutes; if in a loaf, from fifty minutes to an hour will be required.—'Morning Star.'

Selected Recipes.

Mashed Parsnips.—Pare the parsnips and boil them, first adding two or three white potatoes. Mash thoroughly, add butter, pepper, salt and two well-beaten eggs. Stand in the oven a few minutes to brown.

Peanut and Cheese Sandwiches.—Shell and skin sufficient fresh-roasted peanuts to make a small cupful when pounded or rolled. Sprinkle them lightly with salt, and mix them with enough cream cheese to hold them together. Spread this on squares of thin bread. These sandwiches are particularly nice served with lettuce salad.

About 'World Wide.'

'World Wide,' published at Montreal, comes to us filled with the cream of current newspaper literature. It deserves success.—'The Daily Examiner,' Charlottetown, Feb. 27, 1901.

'KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.'

'World Wide,' published by John Dougall & Son, Montreal, is a most excellent paper at a very small price. The articles are reprints from the leading journals of the world, and there are departments devoted to the news of the day, art and literature. For those who have not time to read the foreign journals this is an ideal paper.—'King's College Record.'

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Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

About the 'Witness.'

Cobourg, Ont.

Allow me this opportunity of expressing my high appreciation of the 'Witness,' which I read regularly. In my work I am much helped and encouraged by reading your clean and sane columns. You are free from the partisan craze, and the sectarian folly, and are most admirable in your zeal for the public good.

(REV.) MELVILLE A SHAVER.

Treadwell, Ont., March 9, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Gentlemen,—I think it right to let you know that my advertisement in your daily paper has proved very satisfactory. I am not acquainted with the details of newspaper publishing, so it is none of my business how or where your dividends arise, but I think it fortunate for our country that so much good reading and other privileges are within such easy reach.

Ever since I could read I have, except for short periods, been familar with the 'Witness.' In my younger days, however, I took it like my porridge, for it was the only secular paper my father subscribed for, but during later years I have had occasion to compare your work with that of several other companies dealing in the same line, with the result that my attachment for the 'old' 'Witness' grows steadily. I am thankful, then, for whatever influence induced me to subscribe for your paper as soon as I had set up for myself.

'World Wide,' too, is very good, and gives me much pleasure. I trust that, like your other publications, it has more than philanthropy to back it, and we may well expect its finances to be sound. So I am, I think, justified in being a little proud to belong to a country where this sort of thing grows. If the climate of a country can be judged by what it can grow, the character of a people as a whole can well be measured by what they consume.

Canadians can, then, and should, for their own good (not to the disparagement of others), find much encouragement in the fact that while there is yet much vice among us, there is a very large part of our population in fine working shape, as indicated by their healthy appetites.

Wishing you much success in your enterprise, I am yours respectfully,

GORDON L. LAMB.

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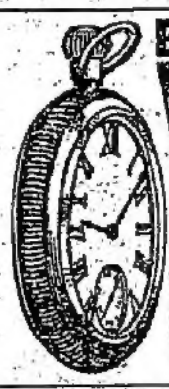

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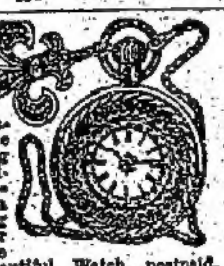
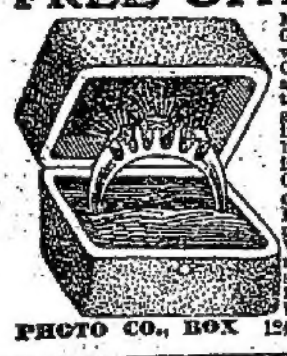
by selling only 3 doz. beautifully finished full-sized (5 x 7 in.) Cabinet **Photographs of Queen Victoria** at 10c. each. Everybody wants one. **They are going like wildfire.** Write for Photos. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American lever movement, fully warranted. It is accurate and reliable and with care will last ten years. **THE PHOTO CO., Box 122 TORONTO.**

FREE



Polished nickel Lady's Watch, stem-wind and set, with gold hands, ornamented dial and reliable jewelled movement, given for selling only 3 doz. beautifully finished full-sized (5 x 7 in.) Cabinet **Photographs of Queen Victoria** at 10c. each. **They are going like wildfire.** Write for Photos. Sell them, return the money, and we send this beautiful Watch, postpaid. **THE PHOTO CO., BOX 1771 TORONTO.**

FREE OPAL RING



Made of Solid Gold Alloy, set with 3 beautiful Opals, showing all the colors of the rainbow, given for selling only 10 beautifully finished full-sized Cabinet **Photographs of Queen Victoria** at 10c. each. **They are going like wildfire.** Write for Photos. Sell them, return the money, and we send this superb Opal Ring in a handsome plush-lined box, postpaid. **THE PHOTO CO., BOX 124 TORONTO, ONT.**

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